Merlini Liberati Errata:

OR, THE

PROPHECIES and PREDICTIONS

OF

John Partridge,

For the Year of our Lord, 1690, &c.

With useful Annotations on them.

TOGETHER

With an Epistle touching his Respect to those

Glorious Martyrs of the People,

King Charles I.

AND

Arch-Bishop *LAUD.*

By an earnest Honourer of his King and Country, and faithful Votary to a True *Astrology.*

December 31. 1692. Imprimatur, Edmund Bohun.

Seria mixta Jocis:
Si Populus vult decipi, decipiatur.

LONDON.
Printed for G. C. at the *Blew-Ball* in *Thames-street.* 1692.

John Burridge.

With what Impudence this Author can

King Charles I.

Arch-Bishop

To the Judicious

READER.

I *Here Preſent you with a ſhort Specimen of* J. P*'s skill in* Aſtrology, *ſhewing how fit he is to ſet up for an* Interpreter *of the* Stars. *Brutiſh* Baulings *and Beaſtly* Language, *are his prime* Talents; *and noiſy Lyes, Scandals and Nonſenſe, the Natural* Products *of his virulent* Pen. *Deprive the Man of this* Furniture, *and his* Almanack*'s like a Room* Unhung, *will be purely* Naked. *He labours to approve himſelf a Man of* Deſign; *and ſtretches all the little Art he's Maſter of, to leſſen* Monarchy *and* Religion. *Hence he boldly Exclaims,*——

A **Common-wealth**'s the thing that Kingdoms want.

But woe the time! That the Church *and* State *ſhould ſuffer themſelves to be Corrected and* Underlay'd *by ſo Artleſs a Wight*! *Howbeit, that this is his grand* Bent, *conſpicuouſly appears, by the many daring* Scandals *he conſtantly is caſting upon ſundry Illuſtrious* **Branches** *of the* **Royal Family**, *and on ſeveral of the* **Sacred Order.** *View his* Chronology *of this Year,* 1692. *and obſerve how he deals by* K. Charles I. *and Arch-Biſhop* Laud.

I. *He makes that Glorious* King *and* Martyr, *to be* Author of the late Inteſtine Bloody War; *affirming him to have* Refuſed Propoſitions for Peace; *when as it is manifeſt, That Pious Peacable* Monarch, *did ſo far comply and ſtoop even below the Dignity of Himſelf, as a* King, *that he ſent* Forty Meſſages to the Parliament, to procure the Quiet of his Bleeding Kingdoms. All which were Rejected! *Alas!*

the Rebels (non obſtante *their Godly Pretences*) *deſign'd not his Re-eſtabliſhment, nor to make him a* Glorious King, *as they promiſed; their aim being at the* Ruin *of his* Honor, Crown *and* Life. *As you may find by reading his own* Excellent Book: *Alſo by* Sir W. Sanderſon's *Hiſtory of that good Prince. Mr.* Hobbs's, Behemoth, *and the Learned Dr.* Hollingworth's, *and Mr.* Long's *late Admirable Defences of that* Divine Monarch.

II. *This* Impious Man *is not aſhamed to charge the moſt Reverend Biſhop* Laud, *with bringing in* Popery, *&c. A Scandal ſo horribly falſe, that nothing can Equal it, but it's* Author. *For* Popery, *all the World knows, was not brought in while that good Prelate was* Metropolitan; *neither is it yet. Nor, was it likely that this* Pious Biſhop *ever deſign'd any ſuch thing, unleſs we can believe, the proper way to introduce* Popery, *be ſtrenuouſly to Oppoſe it? His Learned Treatiſe againſt the Jeſuit* Fiſher, *ſtill Lives, and will ever Live to confute this Helliſh Calumny.*

I hope ſome able Polite Pen *of the* Church of England, *will undertake the further Defence of our* Murther'd *Prince, and* Martyr'd *Biſhop, (who both of them ſuffer'd under the* Rage *and for the Sins of a Rebellious Headſtrong* People) *and Chaſtiſe this* Calumniating Libertine, *and not ſuffer him to paſs without* Reproof *for theſe his horrid* Scandals; *he having thereby as far as in him lies,* Murthered *thoſe* Sacred Perſons *a ſecond time.*

Merlini

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PROPHECIES and PREDICTIONS

OF

John Partridge,

For 1690, *&c.*

With ſome Brief Notes upon them.

AS the Worthy Author of *Cometomantia*, and others very Learned, give their *Suffrage* for *Aſtrology*, on condition it were ſeparated from the *Errors* and *Falſhoods* it is too commonly made to Patronize: In the ſame Senſe do I pretend to *own* and *defend* it. When I meet with Railing and Reviling Language in Books treating of the *Stars*, I look on them only as *Glaſſes* wherein to ſee *Devils*; and their Authors to be as far diſtant from the Philoſophy of the *Stars* and *Chriſtianity*, as if they had never heard of either. I ſhall therefore keep my ſelf within the bounds of *Verity* in my *Examen* of *J. P*'s *Almanack* for 1690, lately come to my hand: And if in any thing I deviate from this preſcribed *Rule*, it will be only when conſtrained thereunto by ſome monſtrous Excurſions of the Author I have to do withal. And methinks I already find many begin to Pity me, in relation to this undertaken Task. For, *Dura nimis eſt ingenuæ cum Meretrice conteſtatio.* It is a difficult Task for an *Honeſt Woman* to Combate it with a *common Scold*; inſtead of *Argument*, ſhe ſhall meet with nothing but *Huff*, *Claw* and *Ruffle*. Albeit, for the ſake of *Urania*, I have at all this *Brutiſh Odds*, caſt aſide my ſerious Reſervedneſs for a time, to entertain a *Literary War* with one that under pretence of Art, runs on *Railing* at all ſorts of Perſons, not ſparing *Crowned Heads*, *Biſhops*, &c. Nor yet the *Maſter* that taught him; and thinks to bear all down before him with *Clamorous Noiſe* and *Impudence*.

In

In his Epiſtle to this *Almanack* of 1690. he accoſts us with a very uncouth Paſſage, *viz. This little Book will run the whole Nation thorough.* 'Tis a *Tool*, it ſeems as Sharp as its *Author*, and all out as Dangerous. The Nation had beſt be provided of a *Surgeon*, leſt it Languiſh of the Wounds deſign'd it by this terrible Sir *Guy*. *To run the whole Nation thorough*, is a mighty Task, ſuch as none of the beſt Maſters of *Defence* dare attempt. No! 'tis our bluſtring *Partridge* is the only *Gladiator* in Faſhion, and can *Run Nations thorough*! So that thoſe ſingle Perſons he is pleas'd to wound, are Honour'd by this daring *Dueller of Nations*. He formerly contended with *Univerſities*, and now's become a Combatant for *Kingdoms*. What will this *Don Quixot* come to at laſt? Let the *Wind-Mills* beware of him.

But paſſing the quaintneſs of his *Stile*, I will now make himſelf Judge, Whether it had not been better and truer *Engliſh*, to have ſaid, *This Book ſhall run thorough the Nation*, than that it ſhould *Run the whole Nation thorough*? This later being a ridiculous *Menace*; the former carrying in it ſome ſavor of *Senſe*.

In the concluſion of his *Epiſtle*, he threatens to be a *Goad in his Maſters ſide, as long as he Lives*: A moſt grateful Reſolution! And yet within a few Lines affirms, *He knows no cauſe of a Difference.* Sure the Man is Acted by the *Devil*, to deal thus by *him*, that hath done more for him than ever his Parents were able, and unto whom he ought conſtantly to be paying *Duty*. But I ſhall leave him to be accounted with for this, by the *Perſon he threatens*; who will certainly requite him as he deſerves, if the thoughts of an *Impar Congreſſus* prevent not. But alas! if all his *Goads* were *Awls*, his *Tutor* need not to put on *Mabury's Bodies* to ſecure him from the Danger. So I paſs from his *Epiſtle*, to what he calls, *His Monthly Judgments.*

January, 1690.

OUr *Merlin* Salutes us thus. *At the New ☽ there were no material Rays nor Poſitions, and therefore he judges, that things are preparing for ſome.* Here we have a high ſtrain of Art, even to Cracking: For that New ☽ was accompanied with as many *Rays*, as any New ☽ ever was, if he mean *Planetary Rays*. If he mean other *Rays*, he ſhould have told us what. But the Man mentions *Rays or Poſitions*. If by *Poſitions* he mean the *Planets Places*, they are for number the ſame, as in any other *Lunation*. Seven *Planets* muſt always have ſeven *Places*. If he mean by *Poſitions* or *Rays*, the *Planets Aſpecting each other*, &c. he forces us to a Smile; for that New ☽ ſhews us 1. The ☉ ☽ ☿ to be all in ✶ ♄. (2.) A ✶ ♂ ♃ (3.) ♂ ☿ in △. (4.) A ✶ ♃ ☿. And yet this *Sublicium Caput*, complains for want of *Rays* or *Poſitions*: Whereas in this Senſe,

Senſe, very few New ☽'s afford ſo great variety of *Rays* or *Poſitions*. So that his Complaint being Falſe, his Judgments muſt be Idle.

Febuary, 1690.

The Man talks of a *Popiſh Plot*. We will tell you upon what *Planetary Authority*, when he tells us. 'Tis wonder he did not *make* one, as well as *Predict* it. He hath been well known to many *Plot-makers*, viz. *Tongue*, *Manſel*, *Hunt*, &c. But here's the Miſchief on't, *Partridge can't Ride*! as 'twas *Sworn* againſt him in the Hiſtory of the *Rye-Houſe Conſpiracy*. But leaving this, he tells us of a *Town taken by Surprize*. Of which Town ſo Taken, none ever hear'd. This therefore muſt paſs for one of his *Airy Caſtles*.—He aſſures us, that ♄ *Stationary on the* ——*Aſcendant, and in* □ *of his M. C. gives him loſs of Honor, Treachery*, &c— I will not contraſt it with him, whether loſs of *Honor*, &c. be a *Gift*? Tho *Gain* is commonly oppoſed to *Loſs*; yet were I as the *Native* he mentions, I would deſire ♄ if he have no other Favours to *beſtow*, to keep them to himſelf. But, what if ♄ hath not given ſuch *Loſs of Honor*, &c. as this Man talks of? And is not within 4 Deg. of the *Horoſcope* he mentions, and near 3 *times* 4 *diſtant from a* □ *to the M. C*? Why then our Bluſtring *Anglo-Battavian* is Miſtaken, and we are never the Wiſer.

March, 1690.

Here our Man of Art tells us— *The great congreſs of the Planets in* ♓ 6 of the 7, [not minding ♄ to be in ♏ and ♂ in ♊] ſhew great *Meetings an Aſſociation* &c. with a repetition of the *Lyes* about ♄ 's *Tranſit* in the laſt Month. But there was no ſuch *Meeting*, nor no *Aſſociation* at all, as he idly ~~conceived~~ of. The reſt of this Month's Preſages are ſuch nonſenſical ridiculous ſtuff, that I cannot make any fit Company for my Underſtanding, and therefore leave them for his own uſe.

April, 1690.

Now our *Merlin* breaths forth mighty things, and tells us— *That the* ♂ ☌ ♀ in ♓ *is of eminent Service to the Affairs of* Britain. And why ſo? Becauſe *Britain* is under ♈ *Ergo* a ♂ ☌ ♀ in ♓ muſt Befriend them. I have heard of a *Chirurgeon* that pretended to Cure the *Gout* in the great Toe, by laying a Plaiſter to the *Noſe*: Bet ſaith our *Seer*, *the* □ ♂ ♀ *doth give the Undoing of a Merchant or Banker*, &c. [A Pox of its Courteſie, may the Merchant or Banker cry] and the ☍ ♄ ☽ *gives danger of Death to a Great Lady. And the* ☍ ☉ ♄ *gives danger of Death by reaſon of the Gout, to ſome great and eminent Man*, &c. Pray who of any Senſe, would ſay, Thank ye for ſuch Gifts? To the *Merchant* or *Banker* ready *Caſh* had been better; to the *Great Lady*, a *Coach* and *Six*; to

the

the *Great Man*, *Claret* and *Good Company* had been Preſents more Welcome. But for ſuch kind of *Gifts* as this *Man* makes the Planets to deal among *Mortals*, none are obliged to them. To be ſerious, in what *Author* doth our *Merlin* meet ſuch a *Term of Art*, as for the *Planets to Give*? Aſtrologers tell us, that *Planets* may *Preſage*, or *Produce*, &c. But for to **Give**, is no Aſtrological Phraſe; nor have the *Planets* any *Hands* given them for any ſuch Purpoſe.

To Expoſtulate a little with our liberal *Merlin*, Why ſhould the ♂ ♄ ☿ *give Death to a Great Lady*? It falls in friendly terms; and which of them doth ſignifie the *Great Lady*? If ☿ tho he is ſtrong and preſerves Life. If ♄ he's Peregrine, and cannot ſignifie a *Great Lady*. Surely he Dream't of ſome **Sybil of the Kitchin**, who upon the loſs of her *Corydon* might grow *Crop ſick* upon that ♂ ♄ ☿ for ſuch a one might paſs with him for a *Lady Great*, or a *Great Lady*; to uſe one of Sir *Roger's* Tropes to him, his Converſation reaching but very little higher. And why ſhould an ♂ ♄ ☉, *Give danger of Death by the Gout*? Since like the former, it is made from ſalutiferous parts of Heaven. But I put too great a Price upon an **Aſs's-head**, when I expect Reaſon thence to iſſue.

May, 1690.

In *May* he tells us what no Man could ever do, without his Inſpired Genius, *viz. That* Ireland *is Impoveriſhed and Ruin'd by the Ruinous Courſes it hath long lain under*. A notable Prediction! He ſaw that Kingdom labouring under the Burthen of *War*, and pretends from the *Stars* to *Predict its Ruin*. But his Phraſe of *Ruinous Courſes*, is ſomewhat obſcure; and I would fain be informed, what *Ruinous Courſes* he means, this being another *Ignote term* of Art, like that of the Planets **Obſtructing**. Sure he can't mean *Phyſical Courſes*, for ſuch well-directed, *Cure*, and not *Deſtroy*. Nor yet, *Courſes* after an *Hare* or *Buck*, Hunting being a great advantage to Human Life. But, be they what *Courſes* he pleaſe, I am ſure he paums *Courſe* Engliſh and Art upon us.

And ſee now how he goes about to requite us. ☿ *By Poſition in the Figure.* (What Figure Sir? You have named none:) *hath particular Signification of the Affairs of* France *and* Ireland; *and the Tyrant is ill and out of Order; partly with Melancholy and Vexing*, &c. This ☿ is a notable Spark when he ſets on it, and can as eaſily conſtrain our *Merlin* to utter *Lyes*, as compel the *Tyrant* to *Vex*, &c. But ſince he mentions no *Figure*, let us (in imitation of Capt. *Beſſus*, ſuppoſe a *Sword.*) Suppoſe one. I then deſire to know, how he would place ☿ herein to ſignifie the *Affairs of France and Ireland*? For ☿ at the New ☽ is in ♊ and ſo moſt of the Month; tho ſome days hereof in

♂ or ♋. And what have these Signs to do with *France* or *Ireland*? Why, if you would know the truth, his *Merlin* would not Sell without such kind of Fictitious stuff, there being in all Countries more *Geese* than *Swans*, viz. More Fools to admire a *Hair-brain'd Fellow*, than *Wise Men* that will be at the pains to *Correct* him.

June 1690.

Here our *Sapiens Octavus* tells us, —— *That a Soldier for his Merit, receives considerable Honor and Preferment, but he thinks he does not keep it without some Blemish by ill report; and it is well if he doth not deserve it too.* But, who ever heard of any such Soldier? — He goes on, *the* △ ☉ ♄ *gives Life to some old Gentleman.* The Favour is not much, if the Prediction had been true. Had it been to a young Gentleman, and had continued it to him till he had been *Old*, it might have merited Thanks. This *Merlin* tells us also, *that* △ *gives some Embassy.* I have often read, of ☿'s being a Messenger to the Gods, but never ♄: It seems nimble ☿ is abdicated that Office, and Goury ♄ turn'd Currier in his room.

July, 1690.

Our *Merlin* after his wonted rate of Truth, tells us, *This Lunation falls in* ♋ *the Ascendent of* Holland *and* Scotland, *and the two Lights are in direct Parallel Mundane with* ♃. But this Month exhibits no such thing; for the Lunation, *viz.* the New ☽ falls not in ♋ but ♌ and the Luminaries then are in no *Mundane Parallel* with ♃ but in Platick △ of him. He further says,— *The* △ ☉ ♃ *gives Honor to the Laws and its Professors.* But then nothing of that kind happen'd, it being the *Dead Vacation time.* He proceeds,—— ♃ *Stationary, Advanceth the Interest of* England. What must ♃'s going *backward* signifie the Nation's going *forward?* He also says,—— *We may expect Foreign Ambassadors.* But then none came. Last Month, he sent ♄ on his *Errand*: Now Commissionates ♃ his *Envoy.* And is not this a fit Fellow to *Divine*, and *Steer* the *Fate of Nations*, that understands nothing truly either of the *Stars* or *Mythology?*

August, 1690.

In *August* Monsieur *Merlin* tells us,— *That* ☿ *seems Employed to the purpose, as if there were something of great and eminent Weight in hand, that requires Intelligence,* &c. *It is very considerable because he's not only Angular, but in* ♋ *a Tropical Sign, in the Angle of War and Contention.*

Now, would you not expect ſome great Matter, from this *Canting Harrangue*; but to eaſe your Longing, ☿ is ſo far from being in ♋ in that Month, that he enters ♌ the firſt day thereof, as his own *Almanack* proves againſt him. And, had he not ſaid that ☿'s □ to ♄ is not very Welcome, *&c.* He had been a very ☿ himſelf, and had not ſpoke one true word of his Brother ☿; but no matter for *Truth* or *Art*, he can make his Book without them.

September, 1690.

The Man Accoſts us here in his wonted way of Veracity, thus, *At the laſt New ☽ the firſt application of the ☽ was to the ☌ ☍ and ☌ ♅ and thoey two the only Angular Stars at that time.* But there's ſcarce one Syllable of Truth in all this, for the ☽ then defluxed from her ☍ ☉ to a ✶ ♄ and reached not the ☌ ☍ until the next day at Midnight. Nor is ☍ *Angular* in that *Lunation*, if he mean *locally* and *virtually* ſo; and other Angularity is of no force. But ☿ is Angular, which our Liberate *Merlin* could not ſee. He that makes a Lye the Baſis of his Judgments, is not likely to befriend us with Truth in his Predicting *Futurities*. But thus doth *J. P. Ergo*, &c.

October, 1690.

Our mendacious *Seer*, as if he were prime *Favourite* to the *Father of Lyes*, begins *October* with ſuch a ſwindger, as would make a Modeſt Man Bluſh to read, *viz. Here are no leſs than five violent Lunations that do ſucceſſively follow one another, and moſt of them in ♎, a Cardinal Sign.* If the Man mean by Lunations, as other Aſtrologers, the ☍ ☌ and □'s of ☉ and ☽, there are but 4 ſuch in the whole Month; and but one of them happens, while the ☉ is in ♎, and that is the Full ☽ Neither are thoſe *Lunations* ſo Violent as he falſely depaints them; for at the latter □ of ☉ ☽ which happens the 14th day, (not made in ♎ but from ♏ and ♌) the ☽ is in △ ♃, not a *Violent*, but a *Vital* and Preſerving Aſpect. Moreover, there is not one martial mutual Aſpect in the whole Month, to irritate any violent Effects.

He marches on, telling us,— There's a ☍ ☉ ♂, but *October* affords us no ſuch φαινομενον, tho *September* indeed did. But this being a venial ſlip, we'll Pardon him.

November, 1690.

The laſt Month's *Mendacities*, meet with fit and ſuitable Company in this: For he tells us, *The Configurations of the Month, enclines to Peace.*

Peace. And yet in the ſame Breath, aſſures us, *The* ☌ ☉ ♄ ; *the* ☌ ☉ ☿ , *the* ☌ ☌ ☿ ,&c. *Shew Councils divided*,&c. *And the* ☌ ♄ ☌ *will much advance thoſe bad wretched Effects before ſpoken of.* [I omit their mention, as being both Idle and Wicked.] I wiſh he could make out his *bad wretched Effects* to be agreeable to Art and Senſe: Every Artiſt knows, that where ☌ commands the *Jury*, the Verdict ſeldom goes againſt him. It behoves him therefore to make it appear, how his *bad wretched Effects* are made good. And if he pleaſe, from his great skill in *Angliciſms*, let him acquaint us when he ever knew any *Good wretched Effects*? I am ſure this wretched Fellow torments his Readers with very *wretched Engliſh*, and more *wretched Arts*.

December, 1690.

He *wretchedly* begins *December* thus,— *The many and various Aſpects of the laſt Month, will mightily ſway the Publick and Private Affairs of this*: *But above all, the* ☌ ☌ ♄ *in* 23 *of that Traiterous Sign* ♏. *Significat Bellum & effuſionem Sanguinis, ac multitudinem febrium.* [You are to obſerve, that he is Damning a Great Man that doth not pleaſe him.] And it is pleaſant enough to obſerve how a ☌ of Anger and Ignorance prevail in him. For this very Text he Quotes from *Haly*, treating *de generalibus Accidentibus Mundi*, and wiſely applies it to a *Genethlical* purpoſe. Let us Examin it a little, How can *War and Blood ſhed* be the Portion of a Single Perſon, as *ſuch*? And this to proceed from a ☌ of two of the Superiors, which evermore relate to *Kingdoms*, *Nations*, &c. And what need of a *multitude of Fevers*, When one alone is ſufficient to deſtroy the Life of the greateſt Mortal Breathing? This is ſuch *Aſtrology* as the Ancients never dreamt of. Well may he ſlight the Sager Documents of our Priſtine *Aſtrologers*, when he ſhall dare to advance ſuch Traſh as this.

But the confident Man goes on thus,—— *There is now great News diſcours'd of from the Territories of* France. A wonderful Prediction! I dare lay him Two to one, that it will be ſo every Month of the Year, and let the *Exchange* be Judge. But he proceeds,— *There ſeems to be ſome Petticoat Ambaſſador employed in the Work too.* Pray Sir, what reaſon have you in your Art for all this? And how long have *Petticoat Ambaſſadors* been in requeſt? And make us to underſtand (if you pleaſe) to what *Gender* an Ambaſſador doth belong, when join'd with the *Petticoat*? If ever Ignorance ſhould be Honour'd with the *Lawrel*, let our *black-thumb'd Merlin* have the Chair.

And ſo having briefly run over the *Barbarities*, *Falſhoods*, *Nonſenſe* and *Contradictions* in his *Monthly Judgments*, I come to give you

A Brief Examen of what he calls his General Judgments.

YOu have ſeen what a Fruitful Harveſt his Monthly Pages have afforded us. And his *General Judgments* will furniſh us with a ſuitable Crop of the ſame Commodities. And to prove them, we ſhall begin with

The Winter Quarter, 1690.

Which, as he tells us begins at the ☉'s entring ♒, 1689. *December* the 11th. 45'. 30". paſt 1 in the Morning; *And that the ☽ is haſting to a Mundane Parallel of ♂* But indeed ſhe is ſtrongly applying to his ♂ as himſelf afterwards confeſſeth. What, will he make ♂'s to be *Parallels*? To what then are they ſo? But he goes on and aſſures us, that the ☽ paſſes from the *Mundane Parallel* of ♂ to the *Mundane* □ ☉. Whereas it is apparent, that ☽ defluxes from a ☌ ♂ to a ✶ ♃, and thence to a △ ☉: Then doth he conſtitute the ☊ *Ruler of the Mid-heaven*, and ♃ Lord of the 5th. and makes ♄ to caſt a △ to the *M. C.* But by his favour, if the ☉ be Lord of the *Mid-heaven*, then cannot ♄ behold it by a △. But □ rather, in truth, according to his time, not the ☉, but the ☽ governs the *M. C.* and not ♃, but ♄ hath Dominion in the 5th Angle ♋ being on the one, and ♒ paſſing the other. Yet, ſuch Traſh as this he preſents us for *Mathematical truths*. But I'll haſten from his Winter *skill*, and proceed to

The Spring Quarter, 1690.

Our profound *Merlin* would force it into our Creed, *That the Spring commenceth on* March 9th. 15ʰ. 25'. *P. M. and that* ♏ 24. *Culminates, and* ♍ 19. *Aſcends.* But if his own *Almanack* may be Umpire in the Matter, 'twill be found vaſtly different, for by that ♎ 29. *Culminates*, and ♐ 24. riſes in the Horoſcope, of which let him conſider at his Leiſure.

But notwithſtanding this his pretended exactneſs in a *Falſity*, he affirms, *There can be no exact Figure of Heaven obtain'd at any Ingreſs, either to a Degree, or yet to a Sign, two or three ſometimes: generouſly conceded!* But if this be true, why doth he trouble us with the Planets *Angularities*, Mundane *Parallels*, &c. in ſuch and ſuch Houſes, as lately you heard him? Albeit at this incertainty, he talks of *ſome effuſion of Blood, becauſe ♂ is in a Humane Sign, and tells us, the Mundane Parallel between ♄ and ♂* (the one in ♏ the other in ♊) *is from the* 4th. and 9th.

9th. Houſes. (tho a little before he ſaid from the 5th. and 9th: *opertet mendacem*, &c. But we will not ſtand with him for a ſmall matter, becauſe we would keep his Cuſtom.) Pray Sir, make us ſo wiſe as to underſtand you: For, if as you affirm, we are liable to be Miſtaken, *a Sign two or three in the Horoſcope*, what will become of your *Mundane Parallels* in ſuch and ſuch *Angles*? &c.

But, be his Figure attainable or not, he confidently goes on, and ſays, *That ♂ haſtens to a* □ ☿. Doth he underſtand what ♂ is? Or what himſelf ſays? When did he ever know a *Superior* Planet to forget his State, and ſneakingly apply to an *Inferior*? Chiefly when direct in Motion; as ♂ now is. This Fellow forgets his Hornbook in Aſtrology, and muſt go to School again. But let his Figures be right or wrong, Superiors apply to Inferiors, or not. He adventures to give Judgment upon them. (His name ſhould have been χρίσις, I think) and pretends on a □ ♃ ♂ from *Haly* to tell us,—— *that there ſhall be many, and thoſe great Offences committed, and theſe done in Secret, and alſo under pretence of Liberty and Conſcience, but indeed it is intended for Rebellion*, &c. And thus the Wheel-barrow Rumbles. But with what Conſcience can you father this ſimple Stuff upon *Haly*? Where hath *Haly* any ſuch *Judgments* on a □ ♃ ♂? Can you tell? He goes on (there's no ſtopping him) and ſays, *This Aſpect ſignifies ſome effuſion of Blood; and this the rather, becauſe* ♄ *is going to a Mundane Parallel of ♂ from Active and Malignant parts of Heaven, and ♂ alſo in a Humane Sign.* [Here he makes a Superior to apply again; he'll Eſtabliſh a Common-wealth among the Stars, or it ſhall ſcape him hard.] *And this Mundane Parallel is from the 4th. and 9th Houſes.*

The vain *Seer* forgets his former Conceſſion, (*i. e.*) *That 'tis impoſſible to obtain a true Horoſcope to a Sign two or three*: And yet hath the Impudence to Menace the World with his *Parallels* made from the 4th. and 9th Houſes. Where or how ſhall we fix this wandring ☿? He refuſes you ſee, to abide by his own *Principles*. And yet is ſo ſcandalouſly Bold, and not without ſome Nonſenſe, to Write,—— *If you but conſider from whence this Ray is made, and they are from* [*that perfidious treacherous* G—— *an Sign*] *Scorpio and Gemini, and from the 9th Houſe.* Say Reader! Are you not weary of reading ſuch Barbarous *Art* as this? I am ſure I am of Tranſcribing it. My God! that ſuch ſtuff as this, which is neither true *Art* or *Engliſh*, ſhould yet paſs for *Oraculous*! This *Ray* is made, and *they* are from, *&c.* ſtill ſpeaking of the ſame thing, which muſt ſometimes be in the *Singular Number*, and (for the greater ſecurity of Senſe) preſently in the *Plural*, with him. I appeal to all Men of *Letters*,

 whether

whether he doth not well deſerve the *Laſh*? The *Ferula* being too gentle a Puniſhment for ſuch his miſerable lying Gibberiſh. As for his Scandal upon ♏, I refer him to the Perſon concerned for an Anſwer, which he may find in his *Obſequium Rationabile*, wherein are variety of Arguments and Inſtances, in defence of that worthy, but baſely abuſed Sign, too powerful for his *Billingſgate* Muſe to grapple with.

Of the Summer, 1690.

ALtho we have had Mr. *Merlin*'s Confeſſion, that an *Ingreſſional Scheme cannot be obtain'd to a Sign, two or three, upon the Horoſcope.* Yet is he ſo confident here, as to tell us,—— *That* 12 ♋ *Aſcends, and* 9 *of* ♓ *Culminates.* Whereas, if we appeal to his own *Almanack*, not ♋ but ♊ *Aſcends*, and not ♓ but, ♒ *Culminates.* And thus he preſumes to preſent us with a *Figure of the Ingreſs*; which he not only owns impoſſible to be found, but totally diſown'd by his own Book. Howbeit, from theſe *Fallacious Poſitions*, he can boldly Predict. Predict! What? Why, nothing more than ſome *Hoſtility of the Mobb.*—— Nothing more! you Wretch! the leaſt of ſuch a Miſchief, is by many Degrees too much. But, bleſſed be God, he hath lived to ſee himſelf Deceiv'd; and I hope, as to ſuch Preſages ever will.

Now, he proceeds from his *Impoſſible Scheme*, to tell us, *The Deſtruction of Mankind, where Armies are near and in the Field*, &c. Did he ever know of *Armies in a Houſe*? But paſſing ſuch Niceties, I muſt tell him, This is a very ſecure Prediction, and much to his Honor. This, no more now, *Sublicium Caput*, as I before ignorantly termed him, but a right *Heir of Lapland*! A true bred *Diviner*! that can breath forth ſuch an *unerring Oracle*, as the *Deſtruction of Mankind, where Armies are near, and in the Field*, &c. But, what if thoſe Armies ſhould not Fight? Or elſe ſhould prove Friends, and engag'd in the ſame *Common Cauſe*? Why, ſhould it ſo fall out; our bluſtring *Merlin* is Miſtaken, and there's an end on't.

Of Autumn, 1690.

Our high Flying *Merlin* tells us, *This Seaſon begins* September 12. $6^h.\ 14'.\ 36''.$ P. M. *and that* ♈ *Aſcends in the Scheme, and* ♃ *in it*, &c. And what think you of all this Preciſeneſs? 'tis only to ſet him and his Almanack together by the Ears; for herein the Ingreſs is an Hour and half later; and that not ♈, but ♉ will Horoſcopize; and

and ♀ will be not in the Aſcendent, but 12th Angle. And herein do moſt of our *Engliſh* Calendariographers accord. But what need any other Proof againſt him than his own Book? If he will not be true to the *Brat* of his own Brain, what will he ever be true to? I dare affirm, not to his Wife, if he Marry: I ſay, not to his Wife, &c. any more than to his *Maſter that firſt taught him to get his Bread*; of which, ſomewhat before: And perhaps ſomewhat more may be ſaid anon.

Howbeit, from his pretended Scheme he affirms,—— *It ſhews a ſort of Men knit together, in a Lawleſs Employment, called Coining, Clipping*, &c. I will not Diſpute it with him, whether *Coining* be a *Lawful Employment*; (and yet I know the Parliament have Excluded it the Act againſt *Monopolies*;) but will ſuppoſe he means, *Men knit together in a Confederacy to Coin Monies contrary to Law*. And ſome of this ſort are Diſcovered in every Month almoſt, whatever Stars do Reign. But now, if inſtead of *Coining Falſe Money*, he had ſaid, *Falſe Books*, (an Employment altogether as Lawleſs and Dangerous) *himſelf had certainly been found in the Aſſociation*. And ſo I have done with ſome of his *Noiſe* and *Nonſenſe* interſpers'd in the four Quarters of the Year, 1690. And ſhall next Journey to take an account

Of his Eclipſes Anno 1690.

And the firſt he tells us, *Is of the* ☉ February 28, *at Ten at Night, in the laſt part of* ♓; and yet confidently affirms in the Month of *February*, that the *New* ☽ *was at Eleven a Clock at Night*. As if the Eclipſe and New ☽ had been two different *Phænomena*'s. But hang an Hour among Friends! It can make odds in his Aſtronomy. He ſays this Eclipſe *Gives damage to Rivers and Fountains, and all things therein*, &c. (I have reckon'd with him formerly for the *Gifts* of the Stars.) He Quotes *Ptolomy* for this Donation; but the words are not *Ptolomy*'s, but *Proclus*'s. But *Proclus* may be *Ptolomy*, and *Ptolomy Proclus*, 'tis all one to our Battavian *Merlin*.

The Second Eclipſe he ſays, *Is of the* ☽, *on* March 14*th. at Ten at Night; at which time almoſt three parts of the* ☽*'s Body will be darkned*. Almoſt we ſay, ſaves many a Lye; but it will not do ſo here: For all the Annual Writers, except himſelf, who undertake to determin the *Eclipſed Digits*, affirm, that not one half of the ☽'s Body would be *Obſcured*. And ſo indeed the Event proved. And the *Author* from whom *Partridge* Pilfers this Eclipſe doth not determin the quantity of Darkneſs. So that it is apparent, he writes thereof

at

at Random, and not by Skill. Can you believe without a ſerious Examination, that a Man ſo empty of Art ſhould be ſo full of Impudence! But let the hollow Tub Sound; that's all 'tis good for.

He tells us, *The Third Eclipſe is of the* Sun, Auguſt 24, *about One in the Morning, in* 11 ♍ and brings in *Junctine* to ſay,—— *It gives Famine, Plague, Sedition*, &c. But good Sir, ſhew us where *Junctine* ſays ſo! Of himſelf we are ſure he ſays no ſuch thing. But *Proclus* whom he Quotes, doth ſay, *when the* ☉ *ſhall be Eclipſed in Decano Secundo* ♍ *famem, peſtem*, &c. But our *Merlin* as blind as a Mole, can't ſee when his Author ſpeaks of himſelf, or from another. He proceeds,—— *It gives Deſtruction to Mankind, becauſe it is in a Humane Sign.* And in this he hath ſhewn his Skill, *viz.* In placing the Energie of this *Eclipſe* upon Men, that himſelf being Brute all over, might happily eſcape the Danger.

The Fourth, *Is of the* ☽ September *the* 8*th, at Two a Clock in the Morning*, (as he ſays) *in* 26 ♍, of which he makes *Junctine* to ſay, *It threatens Poets,* (and they, ſaith he, *of all Men, have the leaſt need of it*;) *and gives Baniſhment and Slaughter.* A very formal Story! But where doth *Junctine* ſay this upon an Eclipſe of the ☽ in 26 ♍. Sure you your ſelf are turn'd *Doggrel Poetaſter*, that can thus forget and *Feign* at pleaſure. The Man hath only miſtaken the Judgments, (not of *Junctine*) but of *Proclus* on a *Solar Eclipſe* in 26 ♍, for thoſe of a *Lunar* one in ♓ (this being ſuch) as is plain to any that reads *Proclus*, as Quoted by *Junctine.*

Lo! what an All ſufficient Aſtrologer have we here! Certainly if ever any Man deſervedly came under the *Poets Laſh*, our Impudent *Merlin* merits to run the *Gantlope* through them all. I greatly pity the Diſciples of this inſolent Fellow, (if at leaſt he have any;) to think how ſadly and Extravagantly they'll be Taught; this their Tutor being ſo brim full of Ignorance, and withal ſo empty of all true Art and Engliſh.

A ſhort Glance upon his N. B. *or* Nota Bene.

I Had reſolv'd to paſs by his *Nota Bene* wholly; but occaſionally taking a ſtrict view thereof, and finding him herein to ſet his ſmall skill in Art upon the Tenters, I thought fit to touch thereon a little.

And,

And (1.) He obſerves as idly as Ironically.—— *An excellent Direction for Miſchief to a great Perſon in* Ireland; *and that is* ☉ *ad* ☍ *per Arcum Obſcurum. It toucheth about the middle of* July, 1690. &c. But this Direction he vainly vaunts of, proved but a harmleſs Dart as to Life, tho ſhot with Malice enough out of his *Inviſible Bow*. (2.) He after the ſame rate for Truth, tells us, *That the* French *Tyrant hath alſo this Year his* ☉ *come by Direction to* □ ♄ *in Zodiaco*, &c. *But becauſe all Directions of the* ☉ *do touch ſix Months before the Meaſure of time expires*; (A goodly meaſure of time the while!) *Therefore we may judge the firſt to operate the moſt part of the Summer, and this laſt of the* French-man's *in* July, *when* ♄ *comes to be Stationary on his Aſcendant, and in* □ *to* ☉ *in* ♌, *on the Radical place of his* ☽. Where by the way I muſt tell him he talks at Rovers; For he mentioned no *Firſt* of the *French-man's*: And every *Relative* that is robb'd of its *Correlate*, may bring his Indictment againſt the Thief. Then for that quaint term of Art, *of his meaſure of time to Expire*; I perceive his *Meaſure of time* is not *Immortal*, but muſt Die even as its Author. Whereas, a true *Meaſure of Time*, is as Immortal as *Time* or *Truth* it ſelf.

But, (3.) He makes a buſtle about *Hopes and Fears*, &c. But I muſt tell him, we value neither his *Hopes or Fears*; nor yet ſhall we trouble our ſelf with what he appoints ♄ *to do with the worſhipful* French-man, (as he wittily phraſes it) having as little Reſpect for any of *England's* Enemies, as any Addleheaded *Merlin* whatever. But what is ſuch ſtuff as this to the Nonſenſe and Falſhood he pops upon us in every Page? And now Mr. *Merlin*, pray Anſwer us, if you can. Where do you *find* ☉ *upon* ☽'s *Radical place in the* French-man's *Geniture*, at the □ ☉ ♄? Wipe your Partial Eyes, and then you'll plainly ſee ☉ at that time diſtant from his ☽ no leſs than 9 Degrees.

But you are a great *Latitudinarian* I perceive: And ſince I find you ſuch, as well to *Truth* as *Senſe*, and value your ſelf chiefly upon your Talents of *Ranting*, *Huffing*, and ſpeaking high ſwelling words of Vanity. I will ſet a better *Price* therefore upon my precious Minutes, at this time however, than to waſte any more of them upon the reſt of your Ridiculous Scurrile *Merlins*. Indeed, this may well ſtand for an Anſwer to them all. As alſo, for a *Reply* to any thing elſe you may happen to Publiſh hereafter.

POSTSCIPT.

SInce the Writing hereof, I am informed, That *non obſtante* our *Merlin*'s Menaces to *Monſieur*, *&c.* (and let him heap upon him as many hard Preſages as he can, for me, I ſhall never be concerned thereat.) This is that very *J. Partridge* who in 1680 *flutter'd* ſo much on his behalf; then Publiſhing his *Nativity*, which was Printed by *N. T.* by the token it was never yet paid for.

In that Nativity Page 15, he thus Writes, *That* ☉ *caſting* ✶ *to his Horoſcope, makes him perform all his Actions with greatneſs and princely Glory, ſuitable to the quality of his Birth, And that* ☽ *in* ♂ ♀ *and* ☉ *within Orbs* ✶ ♃ *affords him divers admirable Qualifications, and ſo lofty a Spirit, that he ſcorns to trample on a Conquer'd Enemy. And Page* 17, 18. *The Natives Enemies are ſignified by* ♀ *in* ♂ ☽ *near the Preſepe and Aſelli, in* ♐ ♄ *and* ☐ ♃ : *And therefore for his publick Enemies abroad, the* ♐ ♄ *infatuatet them, and poſſeſſeth them of many ſtrange Fears; ſo that they are but like a Lyon in a Lambs skin, having the name, but not the nature of Enemies. And Page* 19. *The* ☉ *well placed in the* Tenth *Houſe, gives great Power: to which we may add the* ✶ *of* ♃ *to* ☉, *and to the Cuſp of the* M. C. *almoſt, with the Cor Leonis, a Regal fixed Star Culminant. All which are Arguments of Honor and Splendor, and that to his Lifes end.* Thus *Partridge* Flatteringly Scribled, 1680.

Now, what ſtrange Misfortune hath blinded his Underſtanding, that he could not call this to mind before he had wrote his oppoſite Predictions hereunto? But his buſineſs is not to ſtudy *Self-Conſiſtency*, and therefore hath made one of his *Babel* Works a *Glaſs* to the reſt, wherein they appear with their Heels upward.

Laſtly, *I* ſay once more, let him leſſen *England*'s Enemies as much as he can, ſo he proceed upon juſt and laudable Meaſures, in ſo doing, *I* ſhall really be of his ſide. *I* own it my Duty to Serve our King and Country, even to my utmoſt ability, either in *Purſe* or *Perſon*, or both, and this *I* reſolve cordially to do againſt any encroaching Enemy, either Abroad or at *Home*. While this *Partridge* notwithſtanding all his *Boaſtings*, under pretence of a counterfeit Duty to it (if he dare own his own words) in bauling Anti monarchically, (*A Commonwealth's the thing that Kingdoms want*) Doth mutinouſly Clamour againſt it *And I* can't hear he ever Recanted this *Treaſonous Republican Poſition*; the which he ought moſt fully to do, if he would be thought a Friend to the *Engliſh Monarchy*, or a true Subject to the thrice Valiant and Warlike preſent Sovereign thereof: Whom God long Preſerve, *&c.*

1. Adver-

1. Advertisement.

AS Parting between Friends, is attended with some ardent Valediction, so shall mine be with *J. P.* 'Tis pleasant to note how he labours to acquit himself from a Contradiction he own'd. 1690. *He knew no ground of a Difference with his Tutor*: And now in 1693, pretends to find one. The Fellow, Jugler like, plays *Fast* and *Loose*; we know not where to have him. In the Epistle to his *Mene Tekel*, 2*d* Part. He owns a Conversation with Mr. *G.* from 1665. to 1680. And then (says he) T*he Strangeness began about Popery.* (A wrethed Lye!) If the Quarrel, or Strangeness began in 1680, and upon so strange a ground too: It is strange it should not beknown to him in 1690. And if it was known to him in 1690, (which he both **Owns** and **Disowns**:) Then his pretended Ground thereof in 1693, pickt out of a Reply to him in 1687, is a meer Prevarication, and like himself, without T*ruth* or *Conscience*. And yet therein he complains of many ill-sounding *Epithets* cast on him in that *Reply*; and some of them no less than 158, or 160 times over. (That *Reply* sticks in his Stomach.) Now will I really abate him 150 in either Sum, on Condition he'll make the residue good. But the Man makes Lyes his Refuge. And for the Epithetes he musters up, had his P*rovocations* been set by them, they would have appeared *Roses*, and not *Thorns*: And yet it is hard to Cope with a dirty black-thumb'd Author, and not contract some of his Filth. None that touch Pitch can 'scape Defilement, in *tanto*, at least.

But Mr. *Merlin* is much troubled at an *Anagram* which Visits the *City* and *Country*, and would fasten it upon *J.G.* as the Author. I can assure him, *J.* G's Faculty lyes not that way, albeit it is probable he may have had that *Anagram*, and also have friendly imparted it to some that have made an *Invidious* use of the Civility. But since *J. P.* hath been so simple, as to tell an idle *Tale* about it, *I* give it you here, *viz.*

JOHN PARTRIDGE.
TI ROPE, GRIN HARD.

'Tis pity of thy Fate thou be debarr'd:
Some of you Sons of KETCH, *Ti Rope, Grin Hard.*

I shall heartily pray God to bless the Man from so sad a **Destiny**. Yet his spurring on so Zealously towards it, makes me suspect my Prayers are like to be spent in vain. But there's hopes yet at the last Hour, *&c.*

Adver

2 Advertisement.

☞ I Am to acquaint my Reader, that *I* have just now met with a New Piece of *J.* P's *Astrology*, as like the **Dad** as ever it can stare; *It* rather excels, than falls short of his other *Bedlam* Prints in *Ignorance*, loud *Railing*, and superlative *Impudence*, *&c.* yet demonstrates his **Nurses** care of him in his *Infancy*; for it appears he is neither *Pen* nor *Tongue*-ty'd. He is so bold herein, as to denounce a War, not only against the *Person that first taught him to get his Bread*, but also against almost all *Astrologers*, both Ancient and Modern. So that you see, this *Terræ Filius*, is ashamed of nothing, be it never so Ridiculous.

Albeit, (tho by his many idle Concessions, and obvious Contradictions, he hath Answer'd himself.) Yet, *I* dare engage, on condition that he first disrobe his beastly **Tract** of all its Railings against *Religion*, *Kings*, *Princes* and *Nobles*, &c. and Re-print it in such a Dress as may shew him a Man that deserves some reasonable notice, he shall have a *Reply*. But for a *Beast* that Brays! and a *Bedlamist* that Raves! can any one that is *compos Mentis*, think such fit for any Sober Man to Cope with? He must be a grand Enemy to *Art* and *Reason* both, that shall Prostitute either to any irrational or unwarrantable Purpose.

As for Mr. *G.* (the only Man that rais'd him to what he is) I am of an Opinion, he's wiser than to be concern'd with his great heap of *Billings gate Stuff*, but will rather own himself overcome by his *Ribaldry* than *Reason*; and Silenc'd more with his *Acrimony* than *Arguments*. And for the wicked Scandals wherewith he Defames Mr. *G.* had they been true, how comes it that he hath escaped the Law all this while? And wherefore is it, he holds so clear a Credit among his Neighbours? But *J.* P's. Pen (or Tongue) is no Slander.

To conclude, Mr. *J.* P. your terming the two late Reigns *Bloody*, *&c.* and taxing that Glorious Monarch, K. *Charles* II. with breaking his *Coronation Oath*; your dirty ridiculing his serious Devotions at *Breda*, when under his greatest Afflictions; and your dangerous Story of *Scandalum Magnatum*'s, (*I* wish that you, *&c.* find it not so) are no Arguments in any Man's *Astrology*, save yours. But you have Labour'd hard, Sir, to approve your self another **Stephen Colledge**, and been guilty of as many Anti-Monarchical *Gim cracks*, (tho not in the same way) and have presented the World with as many *Raree-Shows*. God bless you from his *End*, for you are not much in Person unlike him.—— *Sero sapit Ingratus.*

☞ *A Discourse Intituled*, The Ungrateful Dæmon Dispossess'd *wherein the Manners and Skill of* J. Partridge, *is more largely Exemplified, will shortly be made* Publick *by his Tutor.*

FINIS.